Father of many children

Minnestotos. Mekop otokon.

Otokos, as he was familiarly known, was quite a character. At the time of my arrival at Fort Macleod July 1880 practically all the Bloods were camped on or near the island on which were located the police barracks and small village. Later, the same summer or fall, the site of the agency on the reserve between the Belly and St Mary Rivers was selected and the Indians were located around or near it.

Minnestotos, meaning Father of Many Children, was then a very old man, practically blind, with one squaw nearly as old and helpless as himself and one daughter, Lucy, married to a deserter from the American army named Anson Ely, from whom he did not receive much assistance. He was a very big man, so much so that they had not a blue mixer chief's coat large enough for him so had to make one for him from a blue blanket. Because of these conditions he and his squaw were not moved to the reserve with the rest of the Bloods but were settled on a small house and furnished with rations there.

Shortly before I arrived Colonel Macleod's son, Norman, now in Winnipeg, was born either on New years eve or New years day.

On learning of the happy event Minnestotos appeared and congratulated the happy parents. He adopted Norman as his son giving him the name Minnestotos.

After my arrival I spent most of my time

around my father's office watching the indians receiving their treaty money. My father was then indian agent, the first under Treaty Seven embracing the Blackfoot, Blood, Peigan, Sarcee and Stoney Tribes. One day Stokes noticed me and asked the interpreter, Oliver who I was. On being informed he called me over and adopted me as his record son giving me his war name, Mekapiskon, Bad Head.

I was not aware of the importance attached to this name by the indians until visiting the reserve shortly before the arrival of the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, who was to be adopted into the Bloods. We were told by the interpreter, Joe Healy, that the name selected by the indians was Bad Head. There was some mention of a mythical character, Golden Feathers, but as this was known only to a few of the oldest it received little support.

However, having learned from reliable sources of the consistent support to the Mounted Police during the negotiations leading up to Treaty Seven rendered by Meeaks, Red Crow, Head Chief of the Bloods, I suggested his name, which was accepted and later was used at the ceremony at Lethbridge.

I believe P. T. Barnum was the originator of the following statement — "You can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." I think he must have conveyed this truth to Stokes.

Shortly after the arrival of the Rev. John McLean, the first resident methodist minister at Macleod, he tried to get in touch with the natives by gathering them together in a small building erected as a community church. Here he would tell them stories, principally from the bible, naturally selecting those from which would be drawn illustrations particularly advantageous to his own views. This was in the winter so Stokes and the Interpreter were always present as there was a comfortable fire. Glasstone, the Police interpreter or Oliver of the Indian Department was always on hand.

Two occurences will always remain in my mind. On the first the parson took the story of Daniel in the lions den and dwelt at some length on how the lions could not harm Daniel because the Lord was with him. Stokes gave careful attention to the story and after a few grunts replied. Years over in the Judith Basin once and some mountain lions attacked me. I had nothing but a Hudson Bay dag, a short broad double edged knife, but I got away with them and there was no Lord there to help me. No, Daniel was not much of a chief.

The second was on the coming of the mounted police, emphasizing how thankfull the Indians should be to the police for driving out the bold bad whiskey traders. Stokes reply was short and to the point.

Yes. Before the police came there was lots of whiskey and lots of buffalo, now the buffalo are all gone and the police drank all the whiskey.

One bright morning after a heavy snowfall Stokes was seen to come out of the shack probably to give the missus a chance to get the fire going and breakfast under way. He was seen to walk around the woodpile, which appeared to have obtruded in sight, and noticing tracks in the fresh snow leading away he proceeded to follow them till they led him to the door of a shack about one hundred yards from his home. After examining it in his short sighted way he shook his head as if in doubt and started back to his own house carefully keeping off the trail he had followed so as not to obliterate the tracks. After reaching the woodpile he started out again on the old track going very slowly and carefully so as to make no mistake. As was to be expected he in due course reached the door to which he had previously been led, the home of his ungrateful son in law, Ely, and daughter, Lucy. After assuring himself there could be no mistake he retraced his steps to his own home sorrowfully shaking his head as if in

disgust at the ungrateful pair who had so degenerated as to prey on their helpless parents.

Later found it rather hard to sustain the reputation of favorite son. I had started work in the J. G. Baker & Co store and every day about ten or eleven o'clock the pair would appear and he would be left in my care while the wife would take care of her shopping and other social duties. The first chore was to get him comfortably settled with his pipe going. We always kept a supply of cocaw, a weed used by the indians when dried and powdered and usually mixed with tobacco. We always kept a large red stone pipe with a stem two feet long. At that time the only matches in use were the old sulpher matches and one day I inadvertently applied the match to the pipe before the sulphur had burnt off, which brought an outcry from Stokes. After that he used to hold my hand with the burning match near his eyes till all the sulphur had disappeared. This only resulted in my having a fresh match in my other hand ready to apply with the burning one, which always brought on a stern lecture for my unpolished conduct.

Well, peace, be to his ashes. We always parted good friends. He was a man of a chief than Daniel and more than I at first gave him credit for.

H. P. M.

(over)

Dear W. Gard,

I am enclosing the first sample and hope you will be able to make some use of it. Will try and get more under way soon.

I note you have a stenographer. Could you let me have a couple of copies so that I could check and, if necessary make any corrections required and return one copy to you.

With best wishes

Yours sincerely,

W. J. Macleod

14th/12/1943.

Just noticed 5th wedding anniversary

WJM

FATHER OF MANY CHILDREN

By

Norman Macleod

Stōkōs, as he was familiarly known, was quite a character. At the time of my arrival at Fort Macleod, July, 1880, practically all the Bloods were camped on or near the island on which were located the police barracks and small village. Later, that same summer or fall, the site for the agency on the reserve was selected between the Belly and St. Mary rivers, and the Indians were located around or near it.

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Two occurrences will always remain in my mind. On the first the parson took the story of Daniel in the Lions Den -- dwelt at some length on how the lions could not harm Daniel because the Lord was with him. Stōkōs gave careful attention to the story and after a few grunts replied, "I was over in the Judith Basin once, and some mountain lions attacked me. I had nothing but a Hudson's Bay dag (a short broad double edged knife), but I got away with them, and there was no Lord there to help me. No, Daniel was not much of a chief."

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to come out of the shack probably to give the missus a chance to get the fire going and breakfast under way. He was seen to walk around the woodpile, which appeared to have diminished in size, and noticing tracks in the fresh snow leading away, he proceeded to follow them till they led him to the door of a shack about one hundred yards from his home. After examining the shack in his short-sighted way, he shook his head as if in doubt and started back to his own house, carefully keeping off the trail he had followed so as not to obliterate the tracks. After reaching the woodpile he started out again in the old tracks, going very slowly and carefully so as to make no mistakes. As was to be expected, he, in due course, reached the door to which he had previously been led -- the home of his ungrateful son-in-law, Ely, and daughter, Susy. After assuring himself there could be no mistake, he retraced his steps to his own home, sorrowfully shaking his head as if in disgust at the ungrateful pair who had so degenerated as to prey on their helpless parents.

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MY FIRST JACK RABBIT

During the winter the Sarcees spent at Macleod I killed my first Jack.

Shortly after the treaty of 1877 the buffalo left the country and most of the Blackfeet followed them.

By the way, The last buffalo killed in the Macleod neighborhood was in 1878, near the trail leading to the McFarland ranch. It must have been an old bull, as all the bones were intact, shewing the carcase had not been cut up.

Speaking of old bulls- The last one I saw came near ruining my reputation for veracity, which, naturally, I value very much.

In 1883 I drove to Maple Creek to meet our manager, Mr D. W. Davis, on his return from the east. On our way home, about ten miles this side of Medicine Hat, we saw a carcase lying near the trail and, naturally, drove over to have a look at it. It must have been very old, yellow skin, and not a hair on it excepting on the tip of the tail and on the hump. I got out and took a good look at it, as it was my first view of anything of the kind. There was a bullet hole behind the left shoulder.

2 - On reaching home we learned that Norquay, E. T. Galt's teamster, had shot it.

It was only an incident in my young life, so paid no more attention to it, until after my arrival at Lethbridge in 1885.

I was taking in a Presbyterian social one evening and was rather astonished to hear Mrs Stafford, wife of William Stafford, mine superintendent, give a thrilling account of how she had been with Norquay on her first trip to Lethbridge. She graphically described his shooting the buffalo, skinning it, andhow they enjoyed the tender steaks cut from it.

I was unkind enough to give my version of the story and am afraid I sank materially in her estimation. So much so, that, at later socials, I could her glancing malevolently at me as if thinking " What business has that dam lieing Anglican got among a bunch of good Presbyterians".

In 1880 my father, then indian agent, was requested by Crowfoot, chief of the Blackfeet, to come to the reserve and arbitrate a dispute between the Blackfeet and Sarcees under their chief, Bulls Head.

It appeared that, after the Blackfeet left, the Sarcees, being in the majority, became very overbearing, and it was because of this Crowfoot asked for assistance.

3 Apparently thier tune changed after the return of the Blackfeet about 1882, being then in the minority and, fearing reprizals on the part of the Blackfeet, they all trooped in to Macleod and remained there until moved to their present reserve south of Calgary under the care of Dr Brunskill.

None of this is official, but only my own opinion, based on conversations with the indians and other interested parties.

During their sojourn on the island one of their minor chiefs named Little Plume died and was buried in the old cemetery. So far as I could learn this was the first indian in the south country known to have been buried beneath the surface of the ground.

The ceremony did not vary much from the usual proceedure. Food and gifts were deposited, and the usual keening and lacerations by the squaws continued for several nights. The only difference was that the grave was not filled in. Small williw rods were placed across, and the whole covered with grass.

Sergt Major Bray's garden was next tothe cemetery and the jack rabbits from across the slough used to dine frequently and largely on his luscious vegetables.

There was a beautiful shooting stand about the center of the river face, a shelf about waist high. On bright moon lit nights one could get to this, stand up and whistle and the whole area would be covered with white jacks, thier long ears cocked trying to locate where the sound came from. It was too easy.

One bright night about eleven o'clock I repaired to the stand and gave the usual whistle. When the jacks stood up I let go with both barrels. Reloading, I walked over and found I had got three. As this was morethan enough for our needs, I started for home. Carefully pushing the loaded gun under the fence and throwing the jacks over, I climbed the fence. After picking themup I started off, the jacks in my left hand and the cocked gun over my shoulder.

I had only taken three or four steps when I landed kerplunk in Little Plume's grave. I can still feel the "plop" as I landed on my erstwhile friend. Luckily the landing was soft. Both barrels exploded, probably from the jar.

Retrieving the gun- too startled to think of the jacks- I again started for home.

The indian office was in the Shurtleff house, while Capt Dickens was living farther xx south. About halfway across the open space I saw him walking back and forth before the open door with a book in his hand and heard him cussing the "dam phool" who had shot at him.

Making a wide circle to the right I reached home safely.

It turned out that both charges had smashed through the window a few inches above his head while sat before the window reading.

The night the Barrows left and the cloth s lines with thier contents mysteriously disappeared. As suspicion pointed to our absent friends, a posse followed them and caught up about ten miles out. Not a sign of the missing pinnies or night gowns could be found, only a few pieces of short rope.

I wonder if Little Plume is still enjoying rabbit soup and stew, made from my jacksx.

I'm going to check the wolf on foot

MY FIRST GOOSE.

During the autumn of 1880 I accompanied my father on a hunting trip to the Pincher Creek neighborhood ~~neighborhood~~.

The party consisted of my father, Captain Dickens (son of Sir Charles Dickens), George Winder (son of Capt Winder, then in charge at Fort Macleod)myself and Fred Pope, teamster. George and I, mounted on our ponies, acted as outriders and beaters by chasing the ducks out of the smaller lakes hoping they might seek refuge in the larger lakes where my father and Capt Dickens were waiting for them.

The heads of the party had very good success with the ducks, though neither had been able to get a shot at a goose,hundreds of which were flying over. I presume the weather was too fine and clear, as they invariably kept high ~~of~~ out of reach. On Friday a council of war was held and it was decided to move in to a large group of lakes north of the indian farm. These were later named the Halifax Lakes after a company from Nova Scotia headed by a Mr Chipman. This company later bought the indian Farm.

We arrived there about noon, Friday, and, after getting the tent up and partaking of a light snack, the two experts started out buoyed up with fond hopes of both securing their goose or "gooses". Nothing doing, and they returned at dark, tired but not discouraged. The next day the results were the same. George and I spent the forenoon devilling Fred Pope and racing our ponies, finally tired of this and returned to the tent. Not having heard any shooting, the ambitious idea of "wiping the old man's eye " entered my head,

He had generously endowed me with the temporary charge of a "snake gun" It was taller then myself, 22 bore, using either shot or the trade ball and had a brass snake running from the lock to the muzzle on both sides of the fore end, from which it derived its name.

Looking across the lake from the tent, which was pitched on a slight rise about one hundred yards from the edge, I could see a large flock of geese in a sm small cove and, to the left a fairly high point. After loading the fuke I laid out my plan of attack and proceeded. Keeping well away from the lake I continued on

until within about a hundred yards of where I figured the geese were. Sheltered by the rise to the left of the cove I gradually worked down to the lake and commenced to work around the point, confident of securing at least one of the foolish birds, as I could hear the " foolish virgins" discussing the comparative merits of yeast powder versus sour dough bread, while their lords and masters were arguing over the merits of Sir John A. Macdonald and Alexander Mackenxie.

Alas. I have always been slightly allergic to snakes, no doubt, in the present instance, exaggerated by the tales of rattlers I had lately listened to. Just as I was about to "rise and smite" , with glorious visions of having to call Fred Pope with the buckboard to carry the load triumphantly back to camp, a D--d little garter snake crawled out from under me and, after lovingly caressing my cheek on the way through, disappeared. The instant I felt the slimy snake against my cheek I let a whoop, jumped up, the fuke went bang and the jeering geese rose in a flock and flew around me. Hurriedly grabbing for my powder flask I found that, in my excitement, I had left it and my shot pouch at the tent, so had to retire, inconveniously trailing the fuke.

However, a magnanimous providence sometimes tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

We returned to the indian farm Saturday and awoke Sunday morning to find about six inches of snow had fallen during the night.

The farm was situated in a wide valley running from Pincher Creek to the Kootenay river. The buildings were about half way up the hill to the south of the valley close to the Indian Farm creek, which joins Pincher creek at Goforth's crossing a few miles below the Pincher Creek townsite.

Mr Bruce was then in cherge and I can recall others, Harvey Bruce, his son, who died a few years ago near Waterton Park, Dan and Lachlan Bell, who settled on Pincher Creek above the townsite and who became wealthy ranchers, and Miss Clark, who, I believe married Dick Duthie, manager of the Alberta Ranc..

On Sunday morning we were enjoying ? morning prayers under Mr Bruce's

careful supervision and hoping to last through until the hoped for breakfast would materialize.

I was kneeling close to the door leading to the kitchen. The door opened quietly and Fred Pope, nudging me, whispered, how would you like to get a goose, kid ? I looked carefully around and, seeing my father kneeling with his back to me, slid out and closed the door quietly behind me. Fred took me out and shewed me the field on the flat below practically covered with geese.

The creek followed the east line of the field and, at the low parts, stones had been laid to keep the stock out. Fred told me to move down in the bed of the creek and he would give me a sign when opposite the geese. I loaded the fuke and started off looking back occasionally for the expected sign. Finally it came and, cautiously raising my head, peered cautiously over the top of the stone wall. As I said, the whole field appeared full of geese all gobbling away and gabbling as if giving thanks for their bounteous feast.

Not taking any chances I cautiously pushed the fuke forward and let her go at the nearest head. To my great surprise and delight two fell, then a third further out and in line. Leaving the fuke on the wall I scrambled over and gathered up the three birds and brought them back. Happening to glance in the direction the flock had taken I saw a fourth struggling in the snow with a broken wing about forty yards outside the fence. It did not take be long to wring its neck and lay it with the rest, all the time keeping envious eyes on the flock winging its way toward the distant lakes. Some distance away one bird, lagging behind the rest, commenced to lose altitude, wavering off to the left, and finally disappearing. I legged away after it and found it nearly a quarter of a mile away, stone dead.

A total of five. I gathered them up and wended my weary way back to the farm house with sundry uneasy thoughts as to what my father might say. He was a strong believer in the maxim- "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy "and had a rether energetic

way of enforcing his admonitions.

Consequently I labored my way along, both my back and spirit figuratively moaning in their misery. However, after many rest periods, I arrived with my load and was agreably surprised to be received by him with a pleasant grin and the comment "good luck lad".

After enjoying a bountiful breakfast I retrieved the faithful fuke, and you may rest assured she, too, enjoyed a bountiful repast of oil and polish, Sunday notwithstanding. The only effects from the experience were an achin shoulder for about two weeks and the black and blue marks from the recoil. The pleasure experienced in displaying the latter more than compensated for all the suffering.

The following Friday my father and I returned. The crop had been cut and stooked. That evening we built a hide with the sheaves and entered it at daylight on Saturday. In between two and three hours he had downed forty five geese to his single gun.

On returning to Macleod the surplus geese were distributed among our friends. A curious circumstance was noted in connection with one given to Fred Pope. When his wife, Salamy, had finished plucking it an iron arrowhead was found embedded in the breast bone. The shooting must have occurred some time before, as the arrow head was firmly calloused in and the goose was fat and in good shape.

JOHN WARE.

~~wasznazzzcommonly~~ How many of you today can remember John Ware ? "Nigger John", as he was more commonly known.

Many years ago he came to old Fort Macleod on the island in company with John Quirk of High River, for whom he was then working.

As befitting their rank and social standing they were recieved by the ~~zzzzzz~~ "400" and several afternoon teas were held in their honor, many of which overflowed into the evening hours and some of them, into the early mornings.

I recollect one of these. At the time I was busy riding herd on our cook, Aaron A. Vice, who was laid up with a bad attack of rheumatism, and was sleeping on the floor of his room behind the kitchen.

Many of you will, doubtless, remember those abortions known as "Library Lamps" and a few may have been so fortunate as to possess one. They had large fancy porcelain shades trimmed ~~xxxx~~ around the edges with hanging glass prisms. We had, shortly before, unpacked a hogshead of crockery, among the contents of which, were some of these lamps. *This crockery was piled in a corner of the room.*

As the festivities grew more hilarious I became alarmed lest someone might be thrown amongst the crockery and called out "Look out boys, you'll break those library lamps". Charley Wood, a little "excited", made a run at me and, grabbing me, ~~xx~~ yelled - "Dont you call me a library lamp", John quickly came to the rescue and quieted him with the remark - "Mistuh Wood, dont ha'hm de kid, he's only tryin to puhtect his boss's proputy."

The next day D. W. Davis, thinking to quiet Quirk's nerves, took him out for a drive. They were on the front, while John and I occupied the back seat.

On our return we came to the slough where the water was about two feet deep with soft sandy bottom. The black mare, Kitty, dancing nervously on her toes for an instant, made a jump into the shough throwing Quirk out into the water.

We got him out and back to the store where, after drying him off, we proceeded to get him into dry underwear. John was buttoning the shirt and noticing the little medal (which all good Roman Catholics wear) hanging out, warned Quirk - "John- dont you forget youah bill ob ladin. When you get to hebben Saint Petah aint agoin to let you trou de gates widout it".

Early in 1885 I was sent by the firm to vent and deliver to A. C. Sparrow eight hundred head of steers they had bought from the Winder ranch. I struck the roundup with George Lane as captain at Mosquito Creek.

John was there, as usual working for Quirk. There was also another negro, the very opposite to John both in appearance and character. He was cook's helper and general roustabout, small and knock kneed, and appeared to wear about a twelve sized boot.

He had bought a small, scraggly pony, but could not muster up courage enough to ride it, so brought it to John to top off for him. John looked at the pony and boy and then told the latter. "Niggah- you jest climb right on - When dat hoss sees dem feet sticken out on boff sides he'll think he's between de shafts an jest amble right off".

Big Amiable John Ware, An expert rider and roper. While I have seen him take the odd drink, I have never seen him intoxicated. He was always the peace maker.

Like the native guide, Jan Grootboom, mentioned by Lord Baden-Powell in one of his accounts of experiences in South Africa-

"Yes- Jan had proved himself a white man- if in a black skin."

From Ponderay to Fort Macleod
or
The Burning Horse

Many of you will have, doubtless, read or heard of the horse which caught fire while being boarded at Fort Macleod, as it has been described by many writers of old time stories, the last by Chas. Mac Innes for the Pioneers organization of Calgary.

His father, Malcolm Mac Innes, had been a partner, years ago of the late Senator, Pat Burns and I had seen him last year at a meeting of the Pioneers held in their Hall during Stampede week. I much regretted seeing a notice in the Press of his death a few days later.

The full story originated at Ponderay (anglicized) Springs, a short distance south of the Marias River on the old trail leading from Fort Macleod to Fort Benton.

I accompanied, Mr D. W. Davis, then Manager of the I. G. Baker & Co firms interests in Canada, to Benton in January 1883 to bring back the team and we were joined at Whoop up by Dave Akers, who was going to Benton for a plow.

Mr Davis was on his way east to purchase the years supplies for the Macleod store.

The weather was very severe with heavy snow and wind until we reached Rocky Springs, west of the station on the narrow gauge line to Great Falls named Kevins and, while the snow got lighter from there on, the temperature did not, apparently, moderate at all. Mr Davis went on by stage to Helena and I remained at Benton waiting for company of the return mail to Macleod, during which period the thermometer never showed higher than 25° or 29° below Zero.

We reached Ponderay after a short drive from the Marias where we stayed with Joe Kipp, whose father at one time had been in command of the old adobe fort at Benton. Joe Kipp built the cottonwood trading post at the junction of the Belly and Old Marias rivers which was burnt down shortly after the arrival of the Police. His name is commemorated in the Kipp station on the Crows Nest Railway near

his old place.

We reached Ponderay in due course and were glad to get in to the warm shelter, as we had no tent. The stopping place was run by a man named Froggy, and every one particularly relished the hot supper and breakfast supplied by his dusky house keeper.

The following year this same lady, August by name, turned up at Macleod with a man named Fisher, a cowpuncher working for O.A. Main, then running the butcher shop there.

Madam Ramouse, who was a sister of Red Crow, head chief of the Bloods, had died shortly before this and Fred, open for and desirous of a new romance, managed to gain August's affections, and induced her to leave Fisher for his own more desirable and wealthier bed and board.

Fisher in revenge stole Ramouse's race horse, a big sorrel and nothing was ever after heard of either the sorrel or Mr Fisher. As the sorrel was able to clean up any of the Indian horses, he must have been quite a source of revenue to Fred and, naturally he was on the look out for another to replace him.

Shortly after Charley Geddes, a large rancher in the Pincher Creek district in partnership with A. Brunsdill, returned from a trip east, bringing with him a big bay horse named, I think, Village Boy. This was a big showy horse and Ramouse, after trying him out bought him. He soon matched him against an Indian horse and asked me to ride him as I frequently rode in the Indian races being big but light and, as all the races were at catch weights, any saving was an advantage, particularly at long distances.

On the day of the race Fred sent for me. I was laying the first tarpaper to cover at Macleod on a lean-to [illegible] joining the old Stockade building at the rear of the store.

When I arrived at the stable I was surprised to see Geddes togged out in all the glory of his silks, and arguing with Ramouse that it would be unfair to let him ride, as the horse would not respond to a strange rider, against Fred's opinion of the advantage of the saving in weight.

Geddes finally won the argument and we proceeded to the starting post.

The course, starting from the south east corner of the barracks, lead north east following the trail, then around Paddy Gallaghers farm, then through the brush to the open ground near where it joined the trail, and then back to the starting point. On the way up from the stable they had been discussing the plan of campaign. Kanouse, still a little doubtful said- you cant trust these indians, you get away as quick as you can and stay in the lead till the finish. To which Geddes confidently replied, we have the heels of them, I'll just stay with them until within a hundred ~~Hocus~~ yards of home and then come away and win as we like. I do not think the result altogether justified all his confidence.

The indians had produced a scraggy little buckskin carcase with a diminutive Kid weighing about sixty pounds and picturesquely clad in a breechclout and heavy whip.

The betting became fast and furious. The whites seeing the run all pony, commenced digging up all their available cash, which was promptly covered with cartridges, blankets, rifles and everything loose the natives had.

The race started, the two keeping even until they disappeared from sight. I climbed upon the corner of the stockade, to watch the point at which they would emerge from the brush, while Fred remained on the ground.

After a reasonable interval I perceived a small buckskin pony emerge, with a smaller rider, whose feet, arms and whip were all working overtime. Kanouse would not believe this to be the opposing pair in the race until, some time later, when the buckskin was half way home. Geddes, in all his silken glory, observed up frantically trying to lift poor Village Boy along at every stride with the whip.

They finally arrived at the finish in a walk completely exhausted.

Pandemonium raged for a time among the indians, each one rushing to secure his share of the well earned loot, while Fred and Beasley walked poor Village Boy back to the stable and I returned to my paper hanging job.

Fred did not appear to be in such dis appointed over the result, as he realized the horse had not had time to become fully acclimatized. He left him in the stable for some time, until, believing he would do better in the open on the natural prairie grass than on dry hay, turned him out.

I did not see nor hear any thing of the horse until the following spring when Fred went out and brought him in. He was a sorry sight having contracted a severe dose of mange from the Blood horses, among which it was prevalent.

He brought him in to the stable, treated him with a heavy application of coal oil and sulphur, then the standard mange remedy, and as he was unbranded, started for the blacksmith shop to brand him. I still can see him as he passed the store with his branding iron under his arm leading the poor horse which could hardly walk and was a who was a mixture of dirty colour, mange coal oil and sulphur.

They proceed on to Dick Remesick's blacksmith shop, a few doors down the street, where Rancour left the miserable horse on the road while he went into the shop to heat the branding iron at the forge. He returned shortly and applied the hot brand. The coal oil at once caught fire and, in an instant, the poor horse was a mass of flames. Fred immediately pulled his gun and shot him.

Thus ended the saga of the Pondosay plantation and the fiery horse.

I have often wondered if Fred did not regret the loss of his good Darrel and the acquisition of the dusky Augustt, who turned out to be a regular Lemnagaut and whom he had finally to forcibly divorce from all the "Rites, Lights and Benefits" of his comfortable bed and board.

W. J. M.

Howell Harris, Etc.

I have again, with renewed interest read Senator Dan Riley's article in the Lethbridge Herald's anniversary number of June 12th, 1942.

I am particularly interested in his account of Howell Harris and cannot understand how he managed to dig so much out of the usually taciturn Howell, unless by means of a stomach pump, or pick and crowbar.

The only occasion on which he had been known to allow his personal feelings to overcome his usual imperturbability was during a late evening game of ~~poker~~ up, which, in Dad's, the poker chart of the Circle, figuratively stole the last jackpot. Howell's reaction was explosive and slightly profane.

My first recollection of Howell was at Benton in 1883. At that time he and Frank Strong had a livery stable there. He was also in partnership with Billy Rowe, a brother of George Rowe well known in the Macleod and Lethbridge districts.

This must have been later as Strong, in company with Harry Stedman, arrived at Macleod a year later from Oregon with a bunch of horses.

Howell afterwards brought in several draws of cattle and established the Circle ranch north of the Little Bow. These came from the original Circle Ranches in Montana.

A few days after one of these draws came in I rode out to see it. The camp was on the river a short distance, two miles south of Gordon's coulee in a bad rattlesnake district. While we were having supper a number of the cattle left drifting up towards the prairies, so after we finished Howell, the cook and I started after them to bring them back.

Coming back we got off our horses, as the ground was rough and covered with sage brush. We were throwing stones and dirt at the cattle to keep them, Howell and I close together while the cook was further down and to

To our right.

We each him, without stopping his bridle reins, reach over, pull up a sage bush and commence slashing around his feet. When we reached him we found him standing on a large rattler with about a foot of it writhing around his ankle, which was protected by only his overall and light shoe. After calmly killing the snake he picked up and we went on to the camp, where after skinning the snake, he washed up the dishes and went to bed. Finding he had been bitten about the ankle he rubbed some baking soda on the bite and, apparently, thought no more of it.

A few days later they passed through Town, the cook, as usual, driving the wagon.

The men had been complaining about his actions. They said he was crazy about snakes, if he saw one start down a hole he would run and try to catch it. Ketch is extremely dangerous, as no snake has an uncomfortable habit of running his head in a short distance, then suddenly turning back and keeping the head exposed at the mouth of the hole to protect his rear until the whole body and tail are in safety. He also had a warbag full of dried skins and rattles, which he used to empty out and paw over, often while cooking their meals. No wonder they objected.

We thought that was the last of Mr. Cook, until, a few years later when Mr and Mrs Harris, a sister & mine from Toronto and myself visited Banff.

One day we drove up to the upper spring, from which the water is piped down to the CPR hotel, and there was the same cook. Recognizing Nowell he got in conversation with him.

He said he had been bitten so often he believed himself immune, but found that, if he did not take the baths regularly in about a week a greenish scum would appear on his body.

I believe he died there a short time later.

I now come to an incident Shewing "Nowell the Warrior" and suppose that, had I not heard of it first from another person I would never have known of it.

Chas Conrad and Nowell were together trading whiskey at, I think Capt Jack's bottom, located between the Quarantine grounds and the Slough bottom. Nowell once shewed me the ruins of the chimney and fireplace there.

This is the "relic" that my friend, the distinguished archaeologist, Harold Long, later christened "Fort Conrad".

One day a great big South Pergan turned up with a big light sorrel horse and matched it against a chestnut belonging to Jim English, who died a year or two at Medicine Hat.

The Indian horse won the race, the owners promptly flocking into the store and spending their hard earned money.

I asked Jim about the race later and he said they let the Indians win the first race expecting to make a second match for real stakes. but they must have got wise and bet out with our money.

Howell was on his way to Montana for another bunch of cattle and, everyone being too busy to attend to him, started to collect his own stuff.

He was coming up the cellar stairs with an armful of breakfast bacon while I was near the stairs selling the big Pergan a blanket.

Seeing Howell he looked startled, then addressed him - Ninya! Enak-sesuki ki Stumokan, meaning Little Beaver Cap. (Conrad was known as Omok sesuki ki Stumokan, Big Beaver Cap). Then turning to me and making the accompanying signs, said - "Uh kuh kuh hiya - the last time I saw him we were five (holding up his right hand with the fingers spread out) and he was alone (holding the fore finger of the right hand) then raising the one finger with a spiral motion, exclaimed - Nisto, Nitsi Comitan! (I was the only one who won, or came out.

I did have a chance to get the particulars from Howell until his return from Montana when he told me.

"In addition to the post at Capt Jacks, we had a small one room shack near the mouth of the Little Bow with a young chap in charge. Apparently he was in some trouble, as he managed to send word by a friendly Indian to come down and get him. so I rode down one day.

On arriving there I found the shack empty. By and bye the young chap crawled out of the near by brush and told his story.

One day a party of indians managed to get into the shack and, threatening him with their rifles, made him give up his stock of whiskey. After getting gloriously drunk and abusing him disappeared, so he took to the brush. Fortunately he sighted the friendly indian, who used to stay with him, prowling around shack and, hailing him, induced him to carry wood to Capt Jacks. He then took to the brush again and stayed there until he saw Dowell arrive.

He was so scared that he refused to stay there alone, so the two of us started for Capt Jacks.

On the way back we were jumped by the five indians. The young chap started to run, but I grabbed his bridle reins and, reaching a buffalo wallow and leaving our horses down, got out my rifle and started shooting at the indians, who were riding around us in a circle and shooting, with the result as described by the Peigan."

I thought I recognized my Peigan friend so, after we had completed our mutual commercial transactions, asked him if he had ever been on the North Peigan reserve. Between my imperfect Blackfoot and his Peigan I managed to get the whole story.

Some years before this a young chap named Charley Barr turned up at Macleod. I met him later when with the Stewart Ranch in 1882. He was then working for Chas. Smith, better known as "Gun Handle Harley", and later came to to the Stewart Ranch. When Stewart and Ford took over the beef contracts he represented them at the Peigan reserve, staying on with Ely Baker & Co when they regained the contract.

He was a big husky, always in condition. I happened to be at the reserve the day the big Peigan arrived. No one could understand what he wanted until the interpreter arrived.

It was found that he wanted to wrestle Barr, who was willing, but, after sizing Barr up, the Peigan backed down, calling him the "Big Little Man".

This is the same Barr who refereed the bout between Vernon and Dan Fraser, made famous by George Lane's remarks. George was, I think, on his first visit to Canada and before the bout

started cracks "I bet on the little roxter" meaning Herron, who was the smaller.

Insofar as that particular bout was concerned his guess was good, but am afraid it would not have the test of time.

Before the game started Barr, who had no money up, told me if I wished to make some money to back Herron, as Frazer's idea was to let Heron win the first bout so that they could arrange a rematch for higher stakes.

Unfortunately for their rosy visions, Capt Stewart, Herron's backer, got wise to this, and that was the end of wrestling for some time.

Poor Charley, He was a fine chap, honest and true while here, but must have fallen away after leaving.

He went to Vancouver where he engaged in several bouts, all more or less crooked, so I was told.

The last, I think was with Ed McEwen of Winnipeg. The arrangement was that McEwen would take the first, Barr the second and they would fight the third out for a decision.

As arranged, McEwen took the first bout and then tried to double cross Barr by winning the second. Barr got wise to this and threw McEwen, breaking his leg.

He later opened a saloon on the Washington coast, where he was shot and killed by his bartender.

Norvell told me he never had much luck with bears, seeming to be hoodoo'd.

He related one incident, which happened down in what is known as the Bad Lands on the Missouri river.

He sighted a deer about four or five hundred away on a cliff, probably one hundred feet high. To reach it he had to work to the left, then up a shaly slope till he reached the end of the cliff on which he had seen the deer. The ledge gradually got narrower, until it was not more than two feet wide. Just as he was turning the point, beyond which he had seen the deer, a she bear with two cubs appeared, not over fifteen feet away.

The sudden start he made caused the cliff to shale away under his knees and, while he was trying to make up his mind which evil to accept, bear or cliff, fortunately for him, one of the cubs began to whine behind the mother bear and the old lady disappeared.

Norvell said he lost interest in the deer.

He also related an incident, which occurred when he was quite a young boy, at the W. G. Conrad home in Boston and, which illustrates his versatility and stick-to-itiveness.

He described the long table decked out in all its glory of white linen, silver and glassware.

He was seated halfway down the table and, much to his surprise, three ducks were placed before him, which he had to carve as pinch hitter for some more expert wielder of the carving knife, who had failed to appear.

Nothing daunted he started in, doing all right for a while, but finally winding up with the three ducks on the floor. He managed to get them disinembered at last, probably not in strict accordance with all the directions of Emily Post, and triumphantly placed the remains on the table.

One can imagine the look of disdain on the face of the stately Mrs Conrad while Howell was engaged in his duck wrestling bout on the floor.

Howell Harris. A friend to everyone, quiet and unassuming.

In the words of John Lefever, when questioned by "Man of Music Mountain" after her escape.

"And is this" murmured Man, looking at him quizzically, really Mr John Lefever whom I have heard so many stories about?"

If he come from any of my friends, discredit them in advance. You could believe what my enemies say" he ranon; then added ingenuously, "if I had any enemies."

Howell Harris, like John Lefever, had no enemies.